

# N19

## Jessica Short

I didn't grow up here, no  
but I found myself here.  
Tracing the double yellow lines  
along the curb out of a rain-  
splattered window. The concrete  
under my feet talks back to me  
as I clack past the houses stitched  
together in rows. Grey skies keep the city  
tucked away from the sun. And I  
make my way down, down, down to  
the Underground. Minding the gap,  
buzzing along the tracks. Creating a blur  
out of stations, places, and people's faces.  
I didn't grow up here, no. But I do belong here.

Then the tips of your  
fingers roll up, up,  
up my back and you  
trace your name across  
my skin